

~~F 46.103
Sc 147~~

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

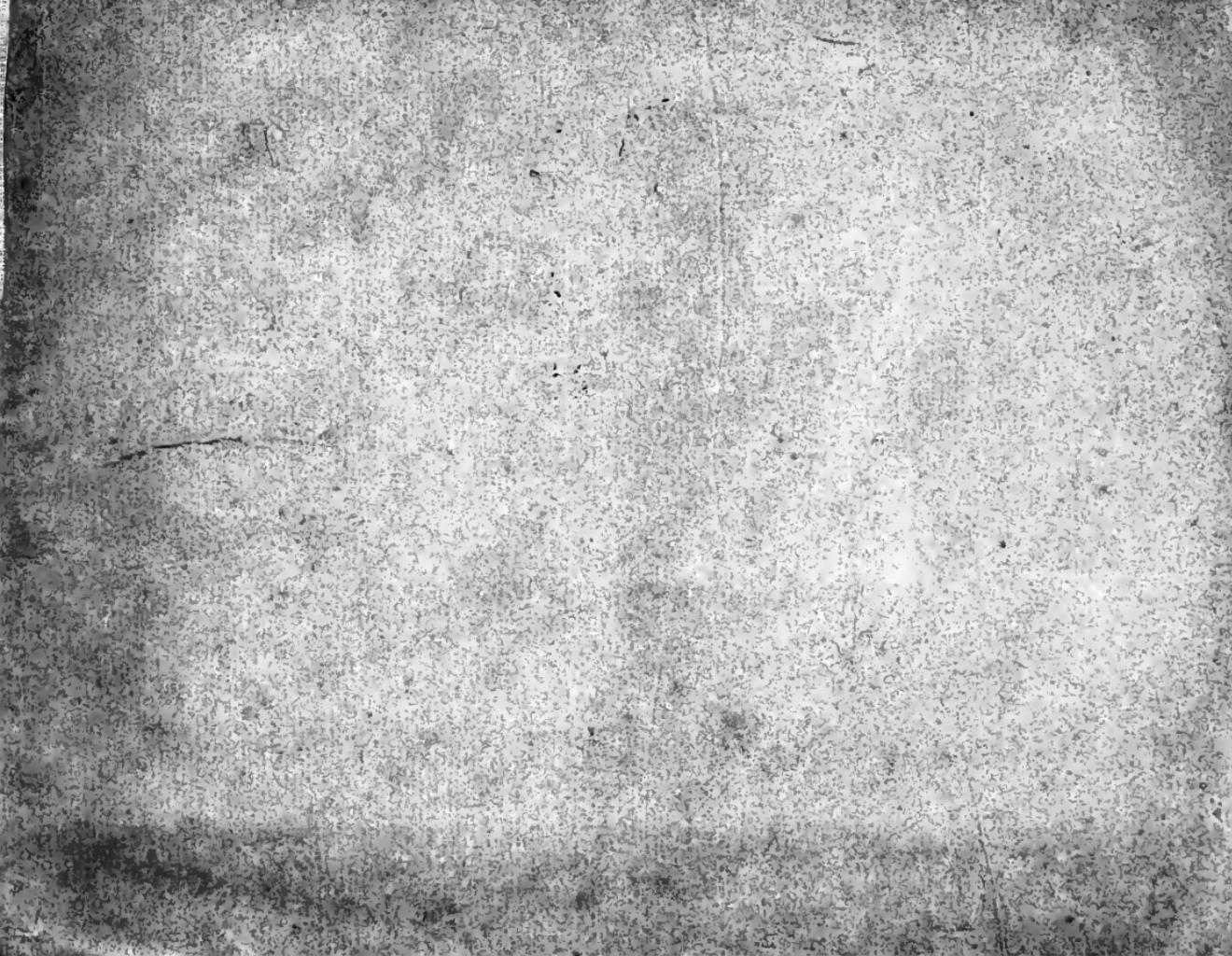
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Division

SC B

Section

2661



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Calvin College

<http://www.archive.org/details/hymnssuitablefor00scha>

H Y M N S,



SUITABLE FOR

THE DEVOTION OF FAMILIES AND CHURCHES :

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

SET TO MUSICK,

BY FRANCIS C. SCHAFFER, M. P.

Boston.

PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. T. BUCKINGHAM.

1811.

District of Massachusetts, to wit:

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the Fourteenth Day of February, A. D. 1811, and in the Thirty-Fifth Year of the Independence of the United States of America, JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM, of the said District, hath deposited in this Office the Title of a Book, the Right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the Words following, to wit: " HYMNS, suitable for the Devotion of Families and Churches: Selected from various Authors. Set to Musick by FRANCIS C. SCUAFFER, M. P." In Conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intituled, " An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the Times therein mentioned;" and also to an Act intituled, " An Act, supplementary to an Act, intituled, An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the Benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving, and Etching Historical and other Prints."

W.M. S. SHAW, Clerk of the District
of Massachusetts.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

ALMIGHTY King of heav'n above	<i>Page</i> 66	O Thou, to whom all creatures bow	<i>Page</i> 65
Beset with snares on ev'ry hand	22	Praise to God, the great Creator	52
Bless God, O my soul,	54	Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings	34
Blest Instructor ! from thy ways	18	The God of glory sends his summons forth	60
Come, thou Almighty King	12	The Lord is our Shepherd	16
Father of all, omniscient Mind	4	There is a land of pure delight	2
Glory be to God on high	28	This earthly globe, the creature of a day	20
Great God ! at whose all-pow'rful call	14	Thou didst make the darksome night	1
Hail ! thou once despised Jesus	56	Thou Pow'r supreme	26
Hark ! what celestial notes	8	Thou, who sitt'st enthron'd above	68
If friendless in the vale of tears I stray	67	'Tis religion that can give	31
Life is a span, a fleeting hour	6	Upward I lift mine eyes	58
Long and and mournful is the night	24	Vital spark of heav'nly flame	44
No war nor battle sound	10	When life's tempestuous scene is o'er	40
O Father of mercy, the hearer of pray'r	50	While thee I seek, protecting Pow'r	36
O Jesus my God	42	Ye mists and vapours, hail and snow	38
O sing to the Lord a new song	32	Yet a few years, or days, perhaps	48
O tell me no more	64		

ADVERTISEMENT.

.....

IN the following pieces, the AIR, or TREBLE,
is placed next above the BASE.

In tunes of three parts, the upper line of the
score is a SECOND TREBLE.

In tunes of four parts, the Second Treble is
placed next above the Air, and the fourth line
of the score is an ALTO, or TENOR.

HYMNS.

HYMN I.

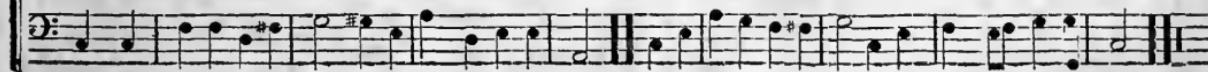
Mod.



Thou didst make the darksome night, Glorious Being, thou the day. Which we close with calm delight, Pleas'd thy precepts to obey.



Bounteous Providence divine, O how gracious is thy sway ! Duty and delight combine, Truest bliss is to obey.



A

13
HYMN II.

Moderato.

There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign : In - fi - nite day ex-

cludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. There ev - er - last - ing spring abides, And

never with'ring flow'rs: Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heav'ly land from ours.

II.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand drest in living green :
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.
 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
 To cross this narrow sea ;
 And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launche away.

III.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unclouded eyes !—
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er—
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN III.

Slow.

Father of all, om - niscent Mind, Thy wisdom who can comprehend ! Its highest

point what eye can find ! Or to its lowest depths descend ! What cavern deep, what hill sublime, Be-

yond thy reach shall I pursue! What dark recess, what distant clime, Shall hide me from thy boundless view!

II.

If up to heav'n's ethereal height
 Thy prospects to elude, I rise ;
 In splendour there, supremely bright,
 Thy presence shall my sight surprise.
 Thee, mighty God ! my wond'ring soul,
 Thine all her conscious pow'r's adore ;
 Whose being circumscribes the whole,
 Whose eyes the universe explore.

III.

Thine essence fills this breathing frame,
 And glows in ev'ry vital part ;
 Lights up my soul with livelier flame,
 And feeds with life my beating heart.
 To thee, from whom my being came,
 Whose smile is all the heav'n I know,
 Inspir'd with this exalted theme,
 To thee my grateful strains shall flow.

HYMN IV.

Moderato.

Life is a span, a fleeting hour, How soon the vapour flies! Man is a tender
 transient flow'r, That in the blooming dies. Death spreads, like winter, frozen arms, And

transient flow'r, That in the blooming dies. Death spreads, like winter, frozen arms, And

beauty smiles no more : Where now are fled those rising charms, That pleas'd our eyes before !

II.

That once lov'd form, now cold and dead,
 Each mournful thought employs ;
 And nature weeps her comforts fled,
 And wither'd all her joys.
 But wait the interposing gloom,
 And lo ! stern winter flies ;
 And, drest in beauty's fairest bloom,
 The flow'ry tribes arise.

III.

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
 When what we now deplore,
 Shall rise in full immortal prime,
 And bloom to fade no more.
 Then cease, fond nature ! dry thy tears ;
 Religion points on high :
 There everlasting spring appears,
 And joys, which cannot die.

HYMN V.

For Christmas Morning.

Allegretto.

Hark, what celestial notes, What melody we hear ! Soft on the morn it floats, And

fills the ravish'd ear. The tuneful shell, The golden lyre, And vocal choir, The concert swell.

II.

Th' angelick hosts descend,
With harmony divine :
See ! how from heav'n they bend,
And in full chorus join.

“ Fear not,” say they,
“ Great joy we bring ;
Jesus, your King,
Is born to-day.

III

He comes, from error's night
Your wand'ring feet to save ;
To realms of bliss and light
He lifts you from the grave,
This glorious morn,
(Let all attend !)
Your matchless friend,
Your Saviour 's born.

IV.

Glory to God on high !
Ye mortal's spread the sound,
And let your raptures fly
To earth's remotest bound !

For peace on earth,
From God in heav'n,
To man is giv'n,
At Jesus' birth.”

HYMN VI.

For Christmas.

Allegro.

No war nor battle's sound Was heard the world around, No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran:

But peaceful was the night, In which the Prince of Light His reign of peace upon the earth be - gan.

II.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Before the point of dawn,
In social circle sat, while all around
The gentle fleecy brood
Or cropp'd the flow'ry food,
Or slept, or sported on the verdant ground.

III.

When lo ! with ravish'd ears,
Each swain delighted hears
Sweet musick, offspring of no mortal hand ;
Divinely warbled voice,
Answ'ring the stringed noise,
With blissful rapture charm'd the list'ning
band.

IV.

They saw a glorious light
Burst on their wond'ring sight,
Harping in solemn quire, in robes array'd,
The helmed cherubim
And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glitt'ring ranks with wings dis-
play'd.

V.

Sounds of so sweet a tone
Before were never known,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While **God** dispos'd in air
Each constellation fair,
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung.

VI.

Hail, hail, auspicious morn !
The Saviour **CHRIST** is born :
(Such was th' immortal seraph's song sublime !)
Glory to **God** in heav'n !
To man sweet peace be giv'n,
Sweet peace and friendship to the end of
time !

HYMN VII.

Moderato.

Come, thou Almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise. Father, all-

glorious, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign over us, Ancient of days.

II.

Come, thou eternal L O R D ,
 By heav'n and earth ador'd,
 Our pray'r attend ;
 Come, and thy people bless,
 Give thy good word success ;
 Make thine own holiness
 On us descend !

III.

Be thou our comforter ;
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour :
 Omnipotent thou art ;
 Then rule in ev'ry heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of pow'r !

IV.

O holy One ! to thee
 Eternal praises be
 Hence, evermore !
 Thy sov'reign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore !

HYMN VIII.

Moderato.

Great God, at whose all - pow'rful call, At first arose this beauteous frame, Thou mak'st the seasons



change, and all The changing seasons speak thy name : Thy bounty bids the infant year From wintry storms re-



cover'd rise; When thousand grateful scenes appear, Fresh op'ning to our wond'ring eyes.

II.

O how delightful 'tis to see
 The earth in vernal beauty drest !
 While in each herb, and flow'r, and tree,
 Thy blooming glories shine confess !
 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,
 And light and genial heat conveys :
 And, while he leads the seasons on,
 From thee derives his quick'ning rays.

III.

Around us, from the teeming field,
 Springs the rich grain, or purpled vine ;
 At thy command they rise to yield
 The strength'ning bread, or cheering wine.
 Indulgent God ! from ev'ry part,
 Thy plenteous blessings largely flow :
 We see—we taste—let ev'ry heart
 With grateful love and duty glow.

HYMN IX.

Tempo Gusto.

The LORD is our Shepherd, our Guardian, and Guide, What - ever we want he will kindly provide :

To the sheep of his pasture his mercies abound ; His care and protection his flock will surround.

II.

The **L**ORD is our shepherd ; what then shall we fear ?
What danger can frighten us, while he is near ?
Not when the time calls us to walk through the vale
Of the shadow of death, shall our hearts ever fail.

III.

Though afraid, of ourselves, to pursue the dark way,
Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay ;
For we know by thy guidance, when once it is past,
To a fountain of life it will bring us at last.

IV.

The **L**ORD is become our salvation and song,
His mercies have follow'd us all our life long ;
His name will we praise, while we have any breath,
Be content all our life, and resign'd in our death.

HYMN X.

Moderato.

Blest Instructor! from thy ways Who can tell how oft he strays! Purge from error's growth my mind,

Leave not, Lord, one root behind. Purge me from the guilt, that lies Wrapt within the heart's disguise :

Let me thence, by thee renew'd, Each presumptuous sin exclude.

II.

So my lot shall ne'er be join'd
With the man whose impious mind,
Fearless of thy just command,
Braves the vengeance of thy hand.
Let my tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approv'd by thee ;
To thine all-observing eyes,
Let my thoughts accepted rise.

III.

Taught by thee, thy servant's breast
Joys the blessings to attest,
Heap'd on those whose hearts sincere
Learn thy precepts to revere.
While I thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer ! bow thine ear ;
God, my strength ! propitious hear.

HYMN XI.

Moderato.

This earthly globe, the creature of a day, Tho' built by God's right hand, must pass a way ;

And long ob - liv - ion creep o'er mortal things, The fate of empires, and the pride of kings :

Eternal night shall veil their proudest story, And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

II.

The sun himself, with gath'ring clouds opprest,
 Shall in his silent, dark pavillion rest ;
 His golden urn shall break, and useless lie
 Amidst the common ruins of the sky :
 The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion,
 And bathe their glitt'ring foreheads in the ocean.

III.

But fix'd, O God ! for ever stands thy throne :
 JEHOVAH reigns, a universe alone :
 Th' eternal fire, that feeds each vital flame,
 Collected, or diffus'd, is still the same.
 He dwells within his own unfathom'd essence,
 And fills all space with his unbounded presence.

IV.

But oh ! our highest notes the theme debase,
 And silence is our least injurious praise :
 Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight con-
 trol :
 Revere him in the stillness of the soul :
 With silent duty meekly bend before him,
 And deep within your inmost hearts adore him.

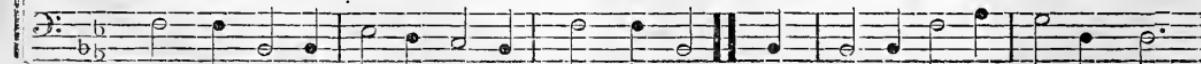
HYMN XII.

Moderato.

Be - set with snares on ev'ry hand, In life's uncertain path we stand : Father divine, dif-



fuse thy light, To guide our erring foot - steps right. En - gage our frail and wav'ring heart,



Wisely to choose the better part; To scorn the trifles of a day, For joys that never fade away.

II.

Then let the fiercest storms arise ;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies :
No fatal shipwreck shall we fear,
But all our treasures with us bear.
If thou, our Father, still be nigh,
Cheerful we live, and joyful die :
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

HYMN XIII.

Slow.

Long and mournful is the night, Mental night of gloomy fear : Source of comfort, Source of light ! When, O when wilt

thou appear ! Thy beams alone can bid the gloom depart, And spread celestial morning o'er my heart.

II.

Morning of that glorious day,
 Which the blest enjoy above,
 Where with full unclouded ray
 Shines thine everlasting love :
 Where joy triumphant fills the bright abode,
 O happy world ! fair paradise of God !

III.

Thither if the heart aspire,
 Shall it, L ORD , aspire in vain ?
 Shall the breathings of desire
 Rise with unavailing pain ?
 O thou, my guide, my solace, and my rest !
 In this sad desert shall I rove unblest ?

IV.

Sure the L ORD of life is near,
 Though a cloud his face conceal :
 JESUS ! when wilt thou appear,
 When thy cheering beams reveal !
 When shall thy beams of soul-reviving light
 Dispel this gloomy cloud, this mental night !

V.

Not in vain aspires the heart,
 That depends on thee alone ;
 Light and joy thou wilt impart,
 Radiant dawn of bliss unknown.
 Here let me wait beneath thy guardian wing,
 Till from thy smile celestial morning spring.

HYMN XIV.

Moderato.

Thou Pow'r supreme, by whose command we live, The grateful tribute of our praise receive : To thine indulgence



we our being owe, And all the joys which from that being flow. Not many suns have form'd the rolling year, And run their destin'd courses



round this sphere, Since thy cre - a - tive eye our form survey'd, In undistinguish'd heaps of matter laid.

II.

Thy skill our elemental clay refin'd ;
 The vagrant particles in order join'd ;
 With perfect symmetry compos'd the whole,
 And stamp'd thy sacred image on the soul :
 A soul susceptible of endless joy,
 Whose frame nor force, nor time shall e'er de-
 stroy ;
 Which shall survive, though nature claim our
 breath,
 And bid defiance to the darts of death :

III.

To realms of bliss with active freedom soar,
 And live when earth and skies shall be no more :
 Author of good ! in vain our tongue essays
 For this immortal gift to sing thy praise.
 How shall our hearts their grateful sense reveal,
 Where all the energy of words must fail !
 O may its influence in our life appear,
 And ev'ry action prove our thanks sincere !

HYMN XV.

*Allegretto. For.**Pia.*

Glory be to God on high, God, whose glory fills the sky ! Peace on earth to man forgiv'n, Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n !

*CHORUS. For.**B Minor.**Pia.*

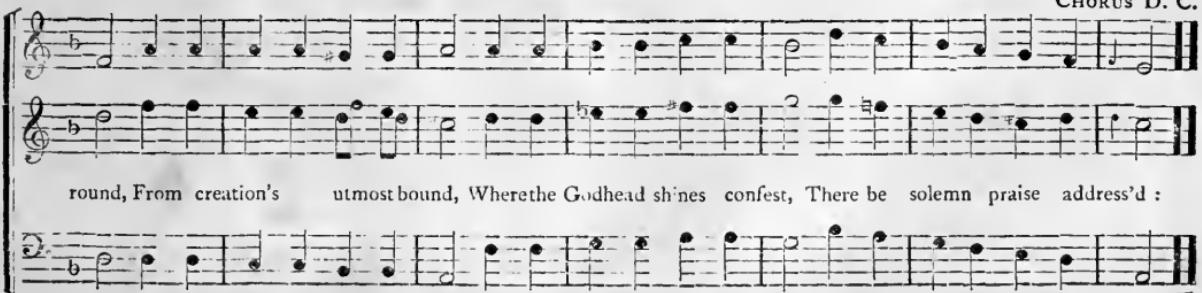
Glory be to God on high, God, whose glory fills the sky ! Favour'd mortals, raise the song : Endless

CHORUS D. C. D Minor.



thanks to God belong : Hearts o'erflowing with his praise, Join the hymns our voices raise. Call the tribes of being

CHORUS D. C.



round, From creation's utmost bound, Wherethe Godhead shines confess, There be solemn praise address'd :

Pia.

Mark the wonders of his hand ! Pow'r nor empire can withstand ; Wisdom, angels' glorious

CHORUS, D. C.

theme ; Goodness, one eternal stream : Awful Being ! from thy throne, Send thy promis'd blessings

CHORUS, D. C.

down; Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace, Bid our raging passions cease : Glory, &c.

HYMN XVI.

Moderato.

”Tis religion that can give Sweetest pleasures while we live : 'Tis religion must supply Solid comforts when we die.

II.

After death its joys will be
 Lasting as eternity :
 Let me then make God my friend,
 And on all his ways attend.

HYMN XVII.

Allegretto.

O sing to the Lord a new song, Let th' universe join in the strain: Each day the glad tribute pro-

long, His wonders, his glory maintain. Let gratitude bless the kind pow'r, From whom our sal-

vation descends : How great is the God we adore ! How rich are the blessings he sends !

II.

In the beauty of holiness bow ;
 O worship with fear and with love !
 How solemn his temples below !
 How glorious his presence above !
 Proclaim to the nations around,
 That our God th' omnipotent reigns,
 Whose righteousness space cannot bound,
 Whose purpose unalter'd remains.

III.

O let the wide heavens rejoice,
 The earth with her myriads be glad,
 Old ocean shall join his loud voice,
 And the woods in rich verdure be clad :
 Rejoice ! for the L O R D is at hand ;
 Prepare ! for his judgment is nigh ;
 Before him all nations shall stand ;
 No guilt from his justice can fly.

HYMN XVIII.

Moderato.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace : Rise from transit - o - ry things, Tow'rd

heav'n, thy native place : Sun and moon and stars decay ; Time shall soon this

earth re - move : Rise, my soul, and haste away, To seats prepar'd a - bove.

II.

Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun ;
 Both hasten to their source :
 So a soul, that 's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

III.

Cease, ye pilgrims ! cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon the Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies :
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be giv'n,
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

HYMN XIX.

Moderato.

While thee I seek, protecting Pow'r, Be my vain wishes still'd : And may this con - se - crated hour With

better hopes be fill'd. Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd, To the my thoughts would soar ; Thy mercy o'er my

life has flow'd, That mercy I adore. Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd, That mercy I adore.

II.

In each event of life, how clear,
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.
In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in pray'r.

III.

When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill :
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;—
That heart will rest on thee !

HYMN XX.

Pastorale.

Ye mists and vapours, hail and snow, And you, who thro' the concave blow, Swift to perform the



mandates of his word, Whirlwinds and tempests praise th' Al - migh - ty Lord.



II.

Praise him, ye monsters of the deep,
That in the sea's vast bosom sleep ;
At whose command the foaming billows roar,
Yet know their limits, tremble, and adore.

III.

Praise him, old monuments of time !
O praise him, ye in youthful prime !
All ye, who shine in beauty's excellency !
And praise him, thou sweet age of innocence !

IV.

Let the wide world his praises sing,
From whom its various blessings spring :
Let echoing anthems make his praises known,
On earth his footstool, as in heav'n his throne !

HYMN XXI.

Andante.

When life's tempestuous storms are o'er, How calm he meets the friendly shore, Who liv'd averse from sin !

Such peace on virtue's paths attend, That where the sinner's pleasures end, The good man's joys begin.

II.

See smiling patience smooth his brow !
 See bending angels downward bow,
 To lift his soul on high !
 While eager for the blest abode,
 He joins with them to praise the God,
 Who taught him how to die.

III.

The horrors of the grave and hell,
 Those horrors which the wicked feel,
 In vain their gloom display ;
 For he who bids yon comet burn,
 Or makes the night descend, can turn
 Their darkness into day.

IV.

No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes,
 No horrour wrests the struggling sighs,
 As from the sinner's breast ;
 His God, the God of peace and love,
 Pours kindly solace from above,
 And heals his soul with rest.

HYMN XXII.

Moderato.

O Jesus, O Jesus, my God, Come, make thine a - bode, Within my poor
 O Jesus, my God, Come, make thine a - bode, With - in my poor heart, Within my poor
 O Jesus, O Jesus, my God, Come, make thine a - bode. Within my poor

heart, O Jesus, come quickly, A saviour thou art. O Jesus, my God,
 heart. O Jesus, come quickly, A saviour thou art. Come, make thine abode, Come,
 heart, O Jesus, come quickly, A saviour thou art. O Jesus, my God, Come, make thine abode, Come,

Within my poor heart,
make thine a - bode,
O Jesus, come quickly, A saviour thou art.
make thine abide Within my poor heart,

II.

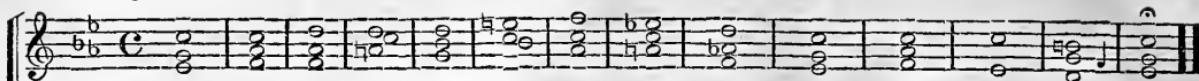
Salvation I need,
I want to be freed
From all my distress,
And feel in my heart
The rich blessings of peace.

III.

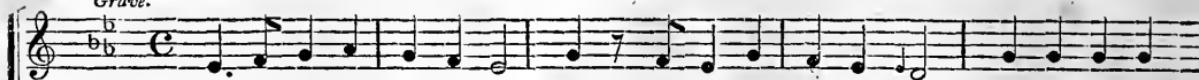
Take me as I am,
Thy property claim,
My nature refine,
And form my affections.
And temper divine.

HYMN XXIII.

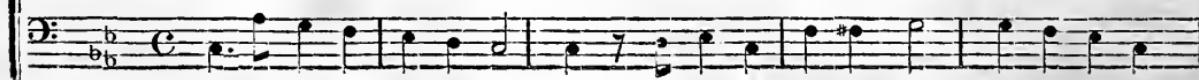
FUNERAL ODE.

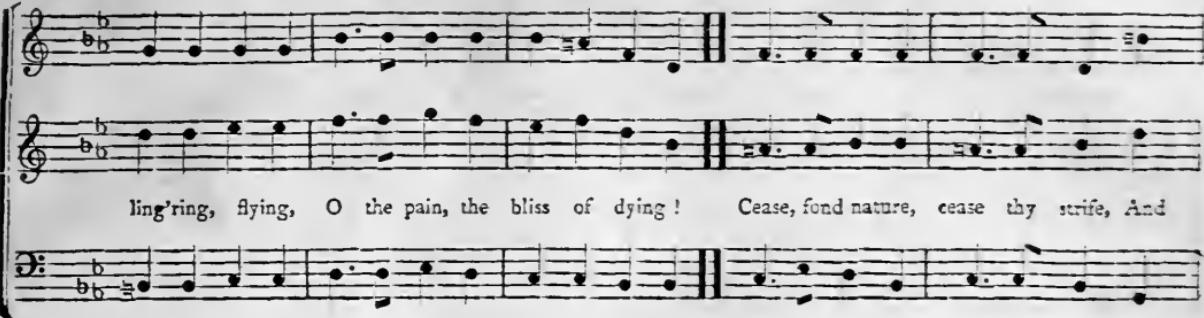
Adagio.

ORGAN.

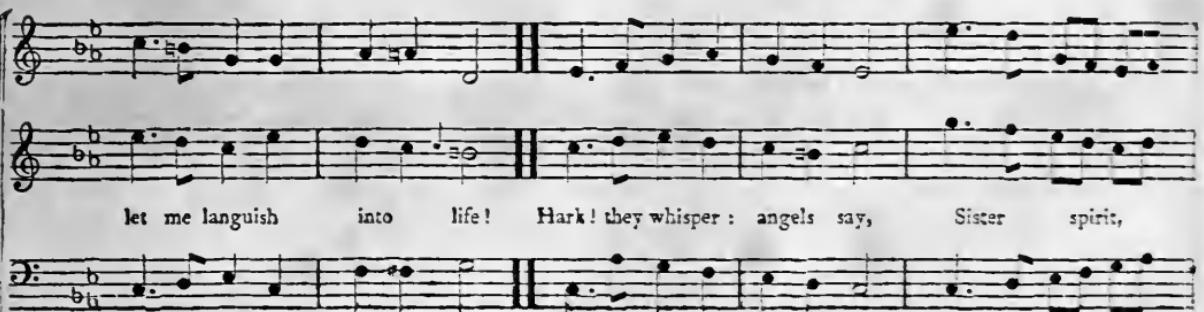
*Grave.*

Vital spark of heav'nly flame ! Quit, - O quit this mortal frame : Trembling, hoping,





ling'ring, flying, O the pain, the bliss of dying ! Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife, And



let me languish into life ! Hark ! they whisper : angels say, Sister spirit,

come away. *Pia.* What is this, ab-

sorbs me quite? Steals my senses, shuts my sight, Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ; Tell me my soul, can

47

this be death ! The world recedes, it disappears ; Heav'n opens on my eyes ; my ears With sounds seraphick ring !

Lend your wings, I mount, I fly ! O grave, where is thy victory ! O death, where is thy sting !

Close with the Organ as at the beginning.

HYMN XXIV.

Slow.

Yet a few years, or days, perhaps, Or moments pass in silent lapse, And time to me shall be no more :

No more the sun these eyes shall view, Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew, And life's delusive dream be o'er.

II.

Great God ! how awful is the scene !
 A breath, a transient breath between ;
 And can I trifle life away ?
 To earth, alas ! too firmly bound,
 Trees deeply rooted in the ground
 Are shiver'd when they 're torn away.

III.

Yet, dumb with wonder, I behold
 Man's thoughtless race, in error bold,
 Forget or scorn the laws of death ;
 With these no projects coincide,
 Nor vows, nor toils, nor hopes they guide ;
 Each thinks he draws immortal breath.

IV.

Great cause of all, above, below !
 Who knows thee, must forever know
 That thou 'rt immortal and divine :
 Thine image on my soul impress,
 Of endless being is the test,
 And bids eternity be mine.

HYMN XXV.

Moderato.

O Father of mercy, the hearer of prayer, To thy creature's request, bow propitious thine ear ! The

voice from the dust, the soft rising sigh, The pray'r of the heart, The up - lift - ed eye, Are

grateful to thee, an off'ring more meet, Than roses of Sharon, more fragrant and sweet.

II.

As the orient sun, chasing darkness away,
 Dawns bright in the east, and kindles the day--
 So hopes cheering beam from the fountain of
 light,
 Is diffus'd through the soul in affliction's dark
 night.
 If then my heart droop, let me never repine ;
 But O may this God, this kind Father be mine !

HYMN XXVI.

Slow.

Praise to God, the great Creator, Bounteous source of all our joy; He, whose hand upholds all nature,

He, whose nod can all destroy! Saints, with pious zeal attending, Now the grateful tribute raise:

Solemn songs to heav'n as - cend - ing, Join the u - ni - ver - sal praise.

II.

Round his awful footstool kneeling,
 Lowly bend with contrite souls ;
 Here, his milder grace revealing,
 Here, his wrath no thunder rolls :
 Lo ! th' eternal page before us
 Bears the cov'nant of his love ;
 Full of mercy to restore us,
 Mercy, beaming from above.

III.

Ev'ry secret fault confessing,
 Deeds unrighteous, thought of sin,
 Seize, O seize the proffer'd blessing,
 Grace from God, and peace within :
 Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
 Still the song of glory raise ;
 On the theme immortal dwelling,
 Join the universal praise.

HYMN XXVII.

Moderate.

Bless God, O my soul ! Rejoice in his name, And let my glad voice His greatness proclaim !

Surpassing in honour, Dominion and might, Thy throne is the heaven, Thy robe is the light.

II.

The sky we behold,
 A curtain display'd,
 The chambers of heav'n
 On waters are laid.
 The clouds are a chariot,
 Thy glory to bear ;
 On wings thou art wafted,
 Thou ridest on air.

III.

As rapid as fire,
 Thine angels on high
 Convey thy commands,
 Thy ministers fly.
 The earth, on its basis
 Eternal sustain'd,
 Is fix'd in the station
 Thy wisdom ordain'd.

IV.

Thy providence fix'd
 The stream and its source ;
 The sea knows its bounds,
 The rivers their course.
 Convey'd through dark channels,
 Springs rise on the hills,
 They burst in the fountains,
 They fall in the rills.

V.

Descending on hills,
 Clouds plenteousness pour ;
 All nature revives,
 Earth smiles in the show'r ;
 A garment of verdure
 Apparels the plain ;
 Fruits swell in the garden,
 Fields wave with their grain.

HYMN XXVIII.

Andante.

Hail ! thou once despised Jesus ! Thou didst free salvation bring ; By thy death thou didst re-

Pia.

lease us From the tyrant's deadly sting. Hail ! thou agonizing Saviour ! Thou didst

bear our sin and shame; By thy merits we find favour, Life is given through thy name.

II.

Jesus, hail ! enthron'd in glory,
 There forever to abide ;
 All the heav'ly hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side.
 There forever thou art pleading,
 There thou dost our place prepare ;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in heaven we appear.

III.

Glory, honour, pow'r and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive ;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.
 Help, ye bright angelick spirits !
 Lend your loudest, noblest lays ;
 Join to sing our Saviour's merits,
 And to celebrate his praise.

HYMN XXIX.

Siciliano.

Up - ward I lift mine eyes, From God is all my aid : The God who built the skies, And

earth's foundations laid. God is the tow'r, To which I fly ; His grace is nigh In ev'ry hour.

II.

My feet shall never slide,
 Nor fall in fatal snares,
 Since **God**, my guard and guide,
 Defends me from my fears.

Those wakeful eyes,
 That never sleep,
 His children keep,
 When dangers rise.

III.

No burning heats by day,
 Nor blasts of evening air,
 Shall take my health away,
 If **God** be with me there.

Thou art my sun,
 And thou my shade,
 To guard my head,
 By night or noon.

IV.

Hast thou not giv'n thy word,
 To save my soul from death ?

And I can trust my **LORD**
 To keep my mortal breath :

I'll go and come,
 Nor fear to die,
 Till from on high
 Thou call me home.

HYMN XXX.

Grave.

Organ.

CHORUS, For.

Mod. *P.* *F.* *P.* *F.*

The God of glory sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations, and awakes the north : From

Sym.

east to west the sov'reign orders spread, Through distant worlds and regions of the dead :

The trumpet sounds, The trumpet

Trumpet.

The trumpet sounds, the trumpet sounds, the trumpet sounds, Thro'

62

sounds,

Trumpet.

distant worlds, and regions of the dead. Hell trembles, Heav'n rejoices, Hell

trembles, heav'n rejoices, Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices, ye saints, with cheerful

voices, Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

II.

No more shall atheists mock his long delay ;
 His vengeance sleeps no more ; behold the day !
 Behold the judge descends ! his guards are nigh ;
 Tempest and fire attend him down the sky.
 When God appears, all nature shall adore him,
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

HYMN XXXI.

GLEE. *Andante.*

O tell me no more Of this world's vain store, No more, no more, no more, Of this world's vain store, The time for such trifles, The time for such trifles, Of this world's vain store, The time for such trifles, Of this world's vain store, The time for such trifles, With me now is o'er, is o'er.

world's vain store, The time for such trifles, With me now is o'er, is o'er. time for such trifles, The time for such trifles, With me, With me now is o'er. world's vain store, The time for such trifles, With me now is o'er, is o'er..

HYMN XXXII.

Moderato.

O thou, to whom all creatures bow, Within this earthly frame ! Through all the world how great art thou ! How glorious is thy name ! How glorious is thy name !

II.

When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wond'ring sight ;
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light :

III.

What's mortal man, that, L ORD, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind ?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind ?

HYMN XXXIII.



Almighty King of heav'n above, Eternal Source of truth and love, And Lord of all below ! With rev'rence and re-



ligious fear, Permit thy suppliants to draw near, And at thy feet to bow. And at thy feet to bow.



II.

In heav'n above thy will is done,
There, angels wait around thy throne,
Thy counsels to obey ;
Adoring at thy feet they fall,
Confess thee sov'reign L ORD of all,
And own thy pow'rful sway.

III.

L ORD, may we join the heav'ly throng,
May mortals learn th' angelick song,
Who dwell beneath the sun :
May ev'ry tongue thy praise proclaim,
This be the universal theme,
“ JEHOVAH's will be done.

HYMN XXXIV.

Moderato.

If friendless in the vale of tears I stray, Where briers wound, and thorns perplex my way :

Still let my steady soul thy goodness see, And with strong confidence lay hold on thee.

II.

In ev'ry creature, **LORD**, I own thy pow'r ;
 In each event, thy providence adore :
 Thy promises shall cheer my drooping soul,
 Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear control.

III.

Then, when at last I quit this transient scene,
 Help me to leave it with a heart serene :
 Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
 And having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

HYMN XXXV.

Cheerful.

Thou who sitt'st enthron'd above, Thou in whom we live & move, Thou who art most great, most high, God, from all eternity :

II.

O how sweet, how excellent,
'T is when tongue and heart consent ;
Grateful hearts, and joyful tongues,
Hymning thee in tuneful songs !

III.

When the morning paints the skies,
When the stars of evening rise,
We thy praises will record,
Sovereign Ruler ! mighty L ORD !

IV.

Decks the spring with flow'rs the field ?
Harvest rich doth autumn yield ?
Giver of all good below !
L ORD ! from thee these blessings flow.

V.

Sovereign Ruler ! mighty L ORD !
We thy praises will record :
Giver of these blessings ! we
Pour the grateful song to thee.





2

